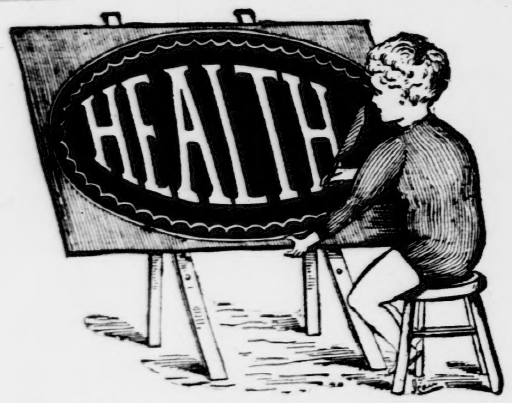
The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. XI. QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1895. No. 5.



Sole Agent for the Above Celebrated Brand of Underwear.

FUR CAPS,
Fur Gauntlets,
Fur Coats,
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

OVERSHOES
FOR MEN,
LADIES, and
CHILDREN.

Another consignment of TETLEY'S CELEBRATED TEA.

J. P. BEAUCHAMP,
QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA.

DENTAL.

W. D. COWAN, L.D.S., D.D.S., SURgeon-Dentist, visits Indian Head on the second Friday and following Saturday of every month; Qu'Appelle, Leland Hotel, on the Wednesday and Thursday preceding.

LEGAL.

A. D. DICKSON, Barrister, Advocate, Solicitor, etc. Office, first door south of the Queen's Hotel, Qu'Appelle St.

WM. SMITH, Advocate, Notary Public, Collections and Real Estate Agent.

MEDICAL.

DR. C. E. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Physician, Surgeon, Coroner, Etc. Graduate Toronto University and Licentiate College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.

W. HENDERSON, M.D.C.M., Qu'Appelle Station. Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Office next door to Mr. Beauchamp's store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S. DAVIDSON, Licensed Auctioneer, for the North West Territories. Sales conducted on the shortest notice. Arrangements can be made at my Office, or at the Progress Office, Qu'Appelle.

A. HOLLINGSHEAD, House, Sign and Carriage Painter. Graining, Glazing, Paper-Hanging and Kalsomining promptly executed.

BULYEA & CO.,
CITY MEAT MARKET,
Qu'Appelle street, Qu'Appelle.
Attention and satisfaction guaranteed to customers.

S. H. COLLINS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
Next door to Creamer's drug store,
Qu'Appelle.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this heading, 5 cents per line each insertion.

NOTICE—FARMERS HAVING GOOD Feed Oats can exchange them for Lumber or Coal, in quantities to suit up to 3,000 bushels. I also require about 10,000 bushels of Frozen Wheat for feeding purposes. J. H. MacCAUL,
3tf Qu'Appelle Station.

A NUMBER OF YEARLING HEIFERS one and two years old. Will exchange for steers of same age. James Scott, Qu'Appelle Station. 51-tf

FARM FOR SALE.

WEST HALF OF SECTION 20, Township 17, Range 15, west of second meridian—320 acres—about forty acres cropped. Terms moderate. Torrens title. Apply to
REGINALD RIMMER,
2tf Vendors' Solicitor, Regina.

WANTED.

WANTED—FOR THE (WINTER months, a good strong boy, to work on a farm. A fair wage offered to a suitable party. Apply to E. HANDYSIDE, Sec. 34-18-14, Qu'Appelle Station. 5

WANTED—SEVERAL MEN OF GOOD character, who can furnish horse and rig, $75 to $250 a month. Applicants write fully. The BRADLEY GARRETSON Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

A GOOD, STRONG BOY, BY THE year, for general farm work. Good wages. Good home. Apply
T. G. ATKINSON,
32-5tf Sec. 32-17-14 W. 2d.

WANTED—A BOY TO DO CHORES. Apply to F. R. BLAKENEY, Sec. 16-17-15, through post office. 51-tf

WANTED—YOUNG MEN AND women, or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talents, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with $60 per month and upwards, according to ability.
Box T. S. LINSCOTT, Brantford, Can.
1-5

PLANT AND SEED DEPOT

(One door west of The Progress office.)

CUT FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, MONOgrams, Wreaths, and other Floral Designs. Baskets of Cut Flowers and Hanging Baskets furnished with suitable Growing Plants also, Sun Dials.

T. S. JERROLD, Prop.

S. H. Caswell & Co.,
BANKERS,
Financial and Insurance Agents

COLLECTIONS SOLICITED—RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

Five Per Cent. Interest Allowed on Deposit Accounts.

CORRESPONDENTS:
LA BANQUE NATIONALE.

Cheques and Drafts for all parts of the World Bought and Sold.

Qu'Appelle Station - - Assa.

Holiday -:- Goods!
(Are Coming.)

Letter Pads and
Note Pads
(Ruled or Plain),
Papetries,
Toys, Etc.,
—AT—
Creamer Bros.,
Druggists and Stationers.
QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.

OFFICE OF
J. P. CREAMER, V.S.

J. H. MacCaul
General Insurance Agent,
DEALER IN HARD AND SOFT
. . . COAL . . .
Fresh Mined Blacksmith
COAL.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
—AND—
EASTERN LUMBER
—OF—
ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

N.B.—HAVE A LOOK AT MY SIDING. SHEETING BOARDS AND SHIP LAP
...AT...
$16 per Thousand.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 3 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by C. E. Carthew.

WOOD WANTED
AT
THE PROGRESS OFFICE.

SHE HAS BACKACHE
Feels sore aches with muscular Pains, and has just put on that Banisher of Backaches The D. & L. MENTHOL PLASTER

J. McLACHLAN, Point au Chene, writes: Nothing better for Lame Back and Lumbago than the D. & L. Menthol Plaster.

A. E. MACLEAN writes from Windsor: "The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is curing Sore Backs and Rheumatism at a great rate in this vicinity 25c. each in air-tight tin box.

The Qu'Appelle Progress,

Is Published Every Thursday

At THE PROGRESS Printing Office: in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	$6 00	$ 8 00	$15 00	$60 00
Half column	4 00	6 00	12 00	40 00
Quarter column	3 00	5 00	8 00	30 00
Three inches	2 00	4 00	7 00	25 00
Two inches	1 50	3 00	5 00	20 00

Business cards $1 00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly, if oftener $1 will be charged for each additional change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Astray, etc., when less than 10 lines, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions, 25c. each. This class of advertising must be paid for in advance.

Subscription price: $1.00 per annum, in advance; if not paid for in advance, $1.50 will be charged. Single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to parties who are willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

FREDERICK BELL,
Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1895.

BLOOD MONEY.

The Fitzsimmons and Corbett encounter, it appears, will not come off; the scheme, instead of the men, has been knocked on the head, and a very good thing too. It is high time that such brutalizing spectacles as prize fights should be stamped out. Such men as Corbett and Fitzsimmons do not come to fisticuffs for pure love of sport, and and the science of boxing. No, the pounding, the bloody work they perform is for money, and money only; such being the case it is demoralizing to the last degree, and should be put down with a strong hand whenever the proper sense of decency of the people is threatened to be outraged by attempts to bring about such degrading, brutal work as that which Corbett and Fitzsimmons and their backers have been for some time past endeavoring to achieve. Is there anything noble, is there one tittle of good to be derived from the exhibition of two men—men who have been trained up to the perfection of physical force—brought together to knock each other about in such a frightful manner that their swollen, bloodbesmirched, distorted faces resent such a ghastly appearance that often after the final, and sometimes fatal blow has been struck, a towel is thrown over the battered head to hide from public view the smashed and quivering features of the defeated one.

Such revolting sights are a deep disgrace to all concerned, and it redounds greatly to the credit of the governors of Texas and Arkansas for taking such prompt measures to frustrate the plans of Corbett, Fitzsimmons and company. That the "manly art of self defence" is one of the most useful of our athletic sports, is right enough, but let it be conducted in a friendly, bloodless manner, not degraded into a disgusting, repelling exhibition, such as is to be found within the limits of the prize fight rope ring.

One would think to read the bloodthirsty utterances of several United States papers, that that country was aching to go to war with Great Britain. However, it is doubtful if these papers should be taken as representing the popular opinion in the republic. The commercial interests of the two countries are so closely united that a war would be most disastrous to each one. The Northwestern Miller, after administering a sharp rebuke to the sensational newspapers who talk war, says: "People who talk seriously of a war with Great Britain are ignorant of the close commercial and financial relations existing between the two countries—relations which extend to almost every section of the United States, and which are constantly increasing in friendliness and cordiality. There is hardly any question which might arise grave enough to lead to an appeal to force between the two nations, now so closely united by ties of mutual interest and friendship. It would certainly be most difficult to induce the people of either country to believe that the necessity for war could exist, and the governments which precipitated such a calamity would cover themselves with disgrace.

You Don't Have to Swear Off

says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that e en the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by C. E Carthew. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A CALGARY CRIME.

Body of a Halfbreed Named Paul Found on an Island in Bow River.

CALGARY, Nov. 10.—The body of Paul Feignon, a halfbreed, was found on Saturday afternoon, near the first island below Langevin bridge here. On Thursday night three men called for Paul at his shack and took him away. Detective Brooks was put on the case and discovered traces of blood on the bridge. Foul play is suspected. An inquest will be held on Monday.

City Constable Fraser arrested Sparrow and Pete Brotherton on suspicion of the murder of Paul Feignon. No marks of violence have, however, been found on the deceased, the death was probably accidental.

Indian Head Gun Club.

INDIAN HEAD, Nov. 12.—At a meeting held last night in Mr. A. W. Sherwood's office, the following officers of the Indian Head Gun club were chosen: President, Major Bell; secretary-treasurer, D. G. Mackay: committee of management, S. R. Edwards, A. G. Orchard, H. H. Campkin and J. B. Swift.

The club will hold its first annual shoot on Thanksgiving Day, 21st inst., on its grounds in this place. Seven hundred live and any number of clay pigeons will be offered for the various competitors, the principal of which will be the match for live-bird championship of the Northwest Territories, and club and handicap matches for purses. Sweepstakes will be arranged on the grounds to complete the day. All lovers of this sport are invited, and application has been made to C.P.R. for reduced rates. Prize lists may be obtained on application to the secretary.

Wedding Bells.

Married at Pincher Creek, Alta., Oct., Miss Matilda Pinder, second daughter of Mr. W. Pinder, Edgeley, and Edward Morgan, son of N. Morgan, Esq., of Flintshire, Wales. The ceremony was performed in the Church of England, which was prettily decorated. The bride was attired in white silk trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, and was enveloped in a flowing vail; the bridesmaid in pale blue. The horses and whip were gaily bedecked with ribbons as they drove to the hotel, where an excellent breakfast was prepared. The presents to the bride were many and useful, one of the bridegroom's being a splendid riding horse. In the evening they attended the ball given in their honor, and afterwards started on their honeymoon, camping amid the picturesque hills, lakes and valleys of the Porcupines.

Two Arrests.

MOOSOMIN, Nov. 9.—The two Thompson brothers, Charles and Albert, who are incriminated in the death of their sister, were arrested on Thursday night after the coroner's jury returned their verdict. They were brought up before the magistrate on Friday for a preliminary hearing, but the case was remanded until Monday morning. It is thought here that they will both eventually get off, as it will be so hard to prove anything against them, there being no important witnesses outside of their own family. In the meantime the prisoners will stay in the lock-up.

Fatality at Birtle.

BIRTLE, Man., Nov. 7.—A boy aged fourteen, son of C. Midwinter, jeweller, of this town, was instantly killed yesterday on the farm of A. Rosedorough, by a log stable falling on him.

Mrs. Shortis' Plea.

MONTREAL, Nov. 12.—Mrs. Shortis has gone to Ottawa to petition the minister of justice for clemency in the case of her son, under death sentence for the Valleyfield murders.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

"There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent 'em."

Owing to circumstances over which I had no control, Notes by the Way were conspicuous by their absence in last week's paper; the fact is, the writer of these lines was in the agonies of moving, though, paradoxical as it may seem, he was at a dead stand. For two whole days he looked anxiously, hour by hour, for the arrival of the individual who had promised to move him, and moved he was in one way, certainly, but if the individual in question could have seen and heard *how* he was moved he would not have taken it as a compliment to himself.

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Who is not familiar with that sweetest of songs, "Home, Sweet Home?" but there are many, I fancy, who do not know who wrote it. As far as can be gathered, John Howard Payne, an American, is the author. While away from home, in Paris, he is said to have written those beautiful verses, which have become household words in every land. Of this song it was aptly said by the late Dr. Charles Mackay that it is not too much to say that "it has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside, and to call to its hallowed circle the wanderers who stray from it."

***

He had a bad hand and was only able to use the left one, and having occasion to post a letter, asked the young lady in the post office to stick the stamp on for him. "Stick it on yourself," said she, and turned on her heel. "What would be the use of that?" said he, "I want it stuck on the letter."

***

I heard a man say the other day that troubles never come singly; not long afterwards I met a man with a very bad black eye which seemed to me to be a complete blow to the "never come singly" theory, on the very face of it.

***

He had just emerged from a ready-made clothier's, where he had just purchased and put on a suit of clothes. He had not been long in the street, however, before he became uncomfortably conscious that all eyes were upon him. "Where did you get them?" shouted one boy. "See," said another, "he's got a fifteen dollar outfit marked down to ten." At length a more sympathizing individual touched him on the shoulder and said, "It'll save you a pile of annoyance if you pull those tickets off."

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"I'm afraid I shall have to break off my engagement with Fred." "Why?" "Because I am afraid he is not a very good business man." "What makes you fancy that?" "Well, the fact is, in his last letter he sent 200 kisses, and never took the precaution to register the letter."

How Weather Forecasts Are Made.

The lofty, handsome building in Victoria street, London, England, where not only does the clerk of the weather exist in the flesh, but where the weather itself can be seen in all stages of development, was a short time ago invaded by a newspaper man, and the following is what the head of the forecast and report department, Mr. Gaster, had to say concerning the methods by which details regarding the weather are compiled and sent broadcast for the public benefit. All barometrical returns—many of them made from the tops of mountains or very high observatories—are corrected to 32 degrees F. and the mean sea level. This system holds good throughout the world, and works very well. The barometer is the most susceptible of instruments, and the most infinitesimal variations in the density of the air will send the mercury up or down. The thermometer is also an important factor in considering weather reports. The Fahrenheit thermometer, which is in use throughout the United Kingdom, is discounted in its usefulness by the meaningless method of counting the degrees. It is purely arbitrary to make 32 deg. stand for freezing point and 212 degrees for boiling point. The Reaumur is no better and is now out of use, except in Russia and some parts of Germany.

The most practical guage of temperature is the Centigrade thermometer; 0 degrees makes the freezing point and 100 degrees the boiling. Calculations on the decimal system are always easy and satisfactory. A wet bulb thermometer is necessary for showing the amount of moisture in the air. Forecasts are made by comparing the returns of barometrical pressure at the different stations, always taking into consideration the climatic conditions. We then find out whether or no an area of low pressure—commonly called a depression or cyclone—is approaching and bringing with it rain and squalls. In the summer a depression brings cool and wet; in the winter, as a rule, it is accompanied by muggy, damp weather. The winds in this area circulate against the sun. The exact opposite ensues when an anti-cyclone arrives on our shores. In the winter the dead calm of an anti-cyclone induces fog and frost, but in summer it brings heat and clear, fine days. In spite of every care, however, and the most minute observations, it is not always easy to forecast the line that one of the areas—more particularly the cyclones—will take. As cyclones move so fast, we have a very complete system of issuing storm warnings. A whole coast can be warned in an hour. We wire the names of certain centres, and the warning to be issued, to the head telegraph office. They send our message to the towns indicated, and from there again the warning is flashed to all the small stations. Our account with the telegraph department is about £2,500 a year. From Norway and Sweden messages are sent free as far as our shores, then we have to pay. From Russia and Turkey we receive reports by letter, as wiring them would be too heavy an expense. We have a government grant of £14,000 a year, and about 300 subscribers who receive all the reports that we publish. Our reports for the newspapers, which are compiled from the telegrams we receive at 6 p.m., are sent to them gratis. All documents received by us relating to the weather are most carefully preserved for a long period of years. Weather records are in great demand by agriculturists, by makers of charts, and by the legal profession. At least four or five times a year we are called upon to produce evidence in a court of law concerning weather. Farmers often consult us with respect to the past records of their own particular part of the country. A man may drain his fields or change the nature of his crops on the strength of what he hears from us.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Pain less and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At C. E. Carthew's

The Markets.

Winnipeg Commercial.

The tendency of wheat prices in leading markets has been lower this week, influenced by rains in the winter wheat states, which have improved the crop outlook there. Large receipts of spring wheat have also been a weakening factor. There was a report of damage to the Argentine crop but it was not certified. This is the critical time for the Argentine crop, there being danger from frost about this season.

Manitoba wheat prices have again been easier, in sympathy with lower United States markets and higher freight rates. Prices in Manitoba country markets declined about one cent, and the prospect is for a further decline, owing to high lake freights and scarcity of storage east. The top price paid to farmers is now about 42c per bushel, on an 18 cent freight rate to Lake Superior points, and 40 to 41c is the top price at most country markets, for best samples. No 2 hard and No. 1 northern, 3c under No. 1 hard, No. 3 hard and No. 2 northern 7 to 8c less than No. 1 hard, No. 1 rejected about the same as No. 3 hard. Frosted wheats range from 20 to 30c per bushel. No. 1 frosted brings 5c less than No. 1 hard. No. 1 hard, Fort William, has sold at between 57 and 58c during the week. Unfavorable weather has greatly reduced farmers' deliveries and also checked threshing. The storm of Tuesday was general over a large area of the wheat territory. In the west there was a heavy fall of snow, which made the roads bad, and cut off farmers' deliveries for a few days. A large quantity of grain is yet unthreshed. The rail movement kept up fairly large, and the checking of farmers' deliveries was looked upon as an advantage, as it would give shippers a chance to make elevator space at congested points. Lake tonnage has been scarce, thus checking the movement east from lake ports, and rates are firmer. Lake rates held firm at 6c, and there was some attempt to increase the rate but the quotation today is 6c per bushel to Buffalo. There is a great scarcity of elevator room at eastern points, available elevators at Owen Sound and other points being filled with Manitoba wheat. No. 1 hard closes today dull and weak at about 56½c afloat Fort William.

WINNIPEG PRICES.

Wheat—Farmers' loads are being taken at the mills at 42 to 45c for good milling samples, rejected sold as low as 30c for chicken feed.

Flour—Patents, $1.90; strong bakers $1.70.

Oats—Per bushel, 16 to 17c.

Barley—Per bushel, 20 to 22c.

Butter—Creamery, 17½ to 18c; dairy, 12 to 14c per pound.

Cheese—Per pound, 7c for Manitoba round lots.

Eggs—Per dozen, 15 to 18c.

Lard—Pure, $1.95 to $2.00 for 20 pound pails, and $4.75 for 50 pound pails; pure leaf lard in 3, 5 and 10 pound tins, 8c per case of 60 pounds, tierces 9c per pound.

Potatoes—Per bushel, 15c.

Onions—Per bushel, 40 to 50c.

Cabbage—Per dozen, 15 to 40c.

Tomatoes—Natives, 2 to 3c per pound; eastern, 70c to 80c per basket; green, 30c per bushel.

Citron—Per dozen, 40 to 75c.

Poultry—Chickens, 40 to 45c per pair; turkeys, 9 to 10c per pound, live weight; ducks, dressed, 10c per pound; wild ducks, 20 to 30c per pair.

Hay—Loose, per ton, $5 to $7; baled prairie, $5.50 to 6

Live stock—Cattle, 2 to 2 1-2c; hogs, 4 to 4 1-2c off cars; sheep, 3c off cars.

Fatal Drowning Accident.

A drowning accident happened on Monday, the 28th ult., whereby Joseph Kecera, a Russian, lost his life in a terrible manner. Kecera was employed at Moore Mountains as Mr. de Querzie's shepherd, and was left in charge of that gentleman's place for a few days. On Monday evening it is supposed that he went to the other side of the lake, which is near the house, to let the sheep out of the pen, so that they could feed around the hay stacks during the night. However, when he had opened the pen, he let the sheep walk around the lake toward home, while he himself started to take a short cut over the ice. When he had got about twelve yards from shore the ice gave way beneath him and the poor fellow found himself in six feet of water. He was a splendid swimmer, and must at once have attempted to get out on to the ice, only to find that his weight broke it away time after time. How long this struggle for life was kept up no one knows.—Whitewood Herald.

The birthday of the Prince of Wales was celebrated in England last week with the usual royal honors. The Prince is now fifty four years of age, having been born on 9th of November, 1841.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rhumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

MID SCENES SUBLIME.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Rockies and the Mountains Beyond.

A prominent American who recently crossed the continent on the Canadian Pacific gives a vivid description of the grandeur and sublimity of the Rockies and Selkirks. "The experience," he writes, "exceeded our anticipations; in fact, notwithstanding our expectations had been raised very high, in no respect were we disappointed. I do not think there can elsewhere be found scenery so sublime, varied and beautiful as that which greets the traveler on the west bound train, from the entrance of the Gap, near Canmore, until darkness falls upon him at Kamloops. It ought not to be hastily included in a continuous ride; but stops should be make, say at Banff, Laggan, Field and Glacier, so as at these points to view the falls of the Bow river with their magnificent surroundings; the matchless coloring of Lake Louise and her consorts; and, as a climax, the subduing effects of the great glacier.

"At the last named station, after two and a half hours of hard toil, I ascended Cascade Summit, and from that elevated point obtained a vision I can never forget. Before us, to the west was a semi-circular chain of snow clad mountains, extending probably 150 miles; and as the time was mid-summer, I assume that on those resplendent crests the snow eternally rests. We had climbed to a height which enabled us to see the top of the glacier as it lay glittering against the sky and on either hand spread out until it became merged in the adjoining peaks. Over the head of the glacier (whose feet touched the ground a short distance from the station), and directly behind it, rose a single peak whose snow-clad head glistened with a whiteness exceeding that of the passing clouds while a little to the east, the kingly form of Sir Donald towered majestically, one mile and a half above the rushing stream which flows at its base. As I looked upon that grand, yet awful monarch, with his brow above the flossy clouds, and noted the majesty and grace with which he surveys the vast expanse of eternal snow and ice beneath him, insensibly it brought to mind (and I could compare it with nothing less than) the inspired revelation of the Great White Throne.

"Below us on the side track, across the valley, was our car, which at the distance, looked like a toy that a child trails behind him. Beyond, we could see the railroad as it wound around the loop and followed the river, the latter appearing like a winding silver thread amid the profusion of green.

"I can think of no more generous thing which philanthropists or educators could do, than to enable some of the tired ones who dwell in busy cities and on lonely plains, or pastors who are exhausted and lack sermon material, teachers who are brain-weary, and students who are poor but ambitious, to view the splendid sights which abound on the mountain division of the C.P.R. Such opportunity would be a liberal education, enlarging the mind, expanding the sympathies, and giving to the most indifferent a vision of hope and beauty which would gladden them through life. On other lines you get glimpses of entrancing beauty, but on the Canadian Pacific you can look upon such from daylight to twilight, and thus be compensated, by their richness and abundance, for the distance you have travelled to observe them.

"One great advantage the Canadian Pacific tourist possesses. In other sections he may have longed to look upon a mountain from base to summit, but seldom has he done it. He must frequently be content with observing distant peaks. Foot hills and secondary mountains usually intervene. But it is different in the Northwest. For example, Mt. Stephen rises, sheer and precipitous, from alongside the railroad track at Field, so that all its lofty proportions are exposed to view from the observation car. In like manner, Sir Donald, Mt. Macdonald the Hermit, and a dozen others of eminence might be named, that can almost be touched as you glide by on the train. They are before you and alongside, close at hand, giants whose massive proportions are so fully exposed, that you feel you have seen entire mountains and not been compelled to rest content with unsatisfying views of distant hill tops."—The Gazette, Montreal, Oct 16, 1895.

HER DARK SECRET.

She Couldn't Keep It and Murder Came Out—Vancouver's Sensation.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Nov. 12.—A sensational murder trial will, it is likely, be terminated here to-day. Chris. Benson was found in an open boat near Reed Island, B.C., north of Vancouver. His head was smashed in and the coroner pronounced it a case of murder. Detectives were engaged to solve the mystery but no clue could be found to work upon until Mrs. Smith, wife of the accused made a confession indicating that she had been driven to it through fear of being herself murdered. The story of the crime being borne out by the crown is as follows: Benson, though an inoffensive man, became enamored of Mrs. Smith. Both were ranchers. Smith came home one night and entering by a back door caught Benson and his wife in a compromising position. Smith had a shingle mallet in his hand, and being a strong man, while the other was delicate, he proceeded to pound out Benson's brains. Mrs. Smith ran away into another room, heard the murder and groans of her paramour getting fainter and fainter as he was being done to death, and heard her enraged husband hewing abuse upon the dying man's head as he deliberately completed his bloody deed of vengeance. A little later she heard him put Benson on his own bed and shut the door. The husband, wife and little children, all shattered with the murdered man's blood, listened at the door until the groans of the dying man ceased. Then the guilty woman and the murderer left their weeping children at home, and at dead of night carried Benson's body to the edge of the Gulf of Georgia and placed it in an open boat and consigned it to wind and waves. The woman could not keep the secret and the bloody murder is out. It is thought the jury will acquit the prisoner owing to the sentiment always shown to a wronged husband.

Sudden Death.

EDMONTON, N.W.T., Nov. 12.—Last night Wm. T. Rees, known as Bill Thomas, coal miner, dropped dead in his house. Deceased had been drinking and complained of a pain in the neck which went down into his chest. He drank some more hot brandy and fell on the stove. He was dead when his mate picked him up.

Seventy-one Barnardo boys are coming.

The evidence for the defence in the Farr case closed Monday and the counsel addressed the jury the following day.

QU'APPELLE PROGRESS.

Thursday, November 14, 1895.

NEWS FROM YUKON.

WHAT CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED

Preparation of Winter Quarters Quiet and Confidence Restored Among the Inhabitants—A Collection of $7,000 in Customs Fees.

Just now United States newspapers are lashing themselves into a perfect frenzy over the presence in the Yukon district of a detachment of Canadian Mounted Police, twenty men in all, officers included. Quite recently the department at Ottawa received the first report of Inspector Constantine who is in command of the force there, and from which some idea can be gathered of what the police are doing, and the difficulties they have to contend with. The report is dated September 5th, and it has taken exactly two month to reach the capital. Constantine's previous communication was a brief note, dated July 27th or three days after he and his men arrived at Fort Cudahy. In the interval a dozen constables had been up in the woods cutting logs for huts, while the remainder were clearing ground for the proposed barracks. The police post is located at the junction of Forty-Mile creek with the Yukon river. The whole country thereabouts is covered with dense moss, ranging from five to ten feet in thickness, and when this is cleared away ground is struck. The earth where covered is frozen solid the year round. Constantine says the winter quarters will be completed by the end of September, meanwhile all stores have been safely housed and protected. Yankee reports about the construction of forts and stockades he characterizes as simply poppy cock. Since the arrival of the police at Fort Cahady the feeling of mistrust with which they were greeted had passed away and the police were on friendly terms with the population of the town, which this winter will number about 2,000. The output from the mines around Fort Cudahy this season will be about $70,000, all the result of placer mining. The government's action in sending a force in and asserting British ownership of this district is more than justified by the collection of over $7,000 for customsand other dues, and this amount Inspector Constantine remitted to Ottawa. Last year the commandant brought back with him over $3,000 collected for revenue. Surveyor Ogilvie arrived at the fort the middle of August and at the time the mail left was busily engaged in a survey of the townsite.

I AM INNOCENT!

Theodore Durra t Convicted Still Protests.

Theodore Durrant, convicted of murder in San Francisco, is the same self-possessed, quiet, iron-nerved man he has been while on trial for his life. He still maintains his innocence, and after being taken to jail from the court room, said to a reporter: "They say my dear little mother screamed when the verdict was announced. It is all a dream to me. The first thing I remembered was her arms around my neck. Everything else was so cruel, so sudden, so harsh. I felt in her arms I could stand any injustice, any wrong, but for my mother and sister."

"What did you want to do or say just after the verdict was rendered."

"I wanted to get up and shout my innocence. Before God I am innocent of the crime. I wanted to get up and call God to smite me where I stood if my heart and conscience were not as pure as those who were howling with joy that I had been branded a murderer. I told everything honestly and fearlessly when I was on the stand. I even told things that appeared against me. Do you suppose if I were guilty I would volunteer a statement about a stranger who approached me. I told if because it was true and told everything I could recollect. When I was first arrested I gave my statement, and all I have said since has been materially the same. I would have got up yesterday, but my mother, several friends and the chief jailor closed around me and held me down. Even so, I do not know why I did not scream my protest above it all."

"Did you notice any of the people about you?"

"Yes, some. I saw Mrs. Noble and Maud, their friends, clapping and cheering. It seems to me with her heart to full of pity for my sister, Mrs. Noble might have thought of my mother. She had all she wanted in full measure, and I think the ordinary pity one might feel for anothers misfortune, would have prevented her from gloating in so cruel a manner. Yes, I heard the judge, who was both judge and prosecutor, thank the jury for doing their duty. I can think of it all now, but yet I have within me the consciousness of my own innocence, and shall not break down. I feel the way must clear, and I will be vindicated at last."

PIONEERS PASS AWAY.

The Men Who First Opened up the Cariboo Country.

Whilst newcomers have this year been pouring into Cariboo by hundreds at a time, the ancient pioneers have been rapidly dropping off. No less than three of the best known among them died last week. The first, John B. McQuinn, the son of Col. McQuinn, an old time resident of Brockville, Ont., came to British Columbia overland by the Peace river from Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, as far back as 1857. Once that time Mr. McQuinn has taken part in Hudson Bay trading, Cariboo mining, cattle ranching, and wheat threshing, becoming one of the best known men in the upper country. His funeral was accordingly attended by perhaps, the most representative gathering of old timers ever seen in Kamloops. In the same week a Saxde named Cardell, who has been for some twenty years mining among the lonely hills of Cariboo, was brought down to the Pioneer's home in Kamloops, only to die almost immediately upon his arrival and on the Sunday afterwards the third old timer, Geo. McLeod, died in the same peaceful refuge of the worn out pioneer. Mr. McLeod has been in Cariboo since 1859 and there made and lost several small fortunes and until a few days before his death had never even seen a railroad. It is noted of the Cariboo district that until the recent influx of new miners the white population was mostly composed of old men of more than sixty and unmarried.

Holmes Found Guilty.

Henry H. Holmes a few days ago was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Ben. F. Pietzel. He coughed slightly when he heard the verdict, that was the only sign. The jury retired to deliberate at 5:40 o'clock. According to one of their number they had reached their verdict before the doors of the room had closed upon them. For hunger's sake they ate their supper.

Then they took a ballot and without hesitation every man of the twelve answered "guilty of murder in the first degree." But, however atrocious the crime, however fiendish the criminal, it is hard to send a man to the gallows in one minutes time. So for decency's sake, they talked the case for the seemiv period of an hour and a half. Then word was sent to the court that they had agree. This was at 8:16 o'clock. It took a half hour to get the court into readiness to receive the verdict. Such things are not done too quickly.

ARMOR FOR RUSSIA.

Contract Made with the Carnegie Company for a Large Supply.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg announces that the Russian government has just closed a contract with the Carnegie Steel company for a large amount of their patent armor. The order is for immediate delivery, and will occupy the Homestead works for over five months.

It has been known in Washington for some time past that the Carnegies have been negotiating with Russia. Possibly influenced by the the threat of further trouble in the far east, the Russians have laid out a large programme for naval construction during the next year, so large in fact that their own domestic armor plate producing concerns could not possibly be expected to supply all of the armor needed for the plating of the new ships. A close estimate says that the Russians will be obliged to procure not less than 5,000 tons of iron from foreign sources. The Bethlehem company, of Pennsylvania, a few months ago secured a contract for about 1,200 tons of this armor, and since that time the Carnegies have been after a share of the business, having in view the termination of their contract with the United States, which is rapidly approaching. An agent of the company a short time ago succeeded in inducing the Russian government to make a test of their production under promise of a contract if the test came out well. The company made a big ten-inch plate by their new reforging process. It was 16 feet long by 8 broad. This was reduced to the size of the Russian standard test plates by cutting off four feet from each end, and the middle section was sent to Russia. The end pieces, four feet in lenght, were brought to the Indian Head proving grounds and submitted to ballistic tests. The result which was announced at the time, showing that the ten inch plate was probably the best ever made. Later the Russian test of the middle section of the plate was made, and fully confirmed the judgment based on the Indian Head trials, hence the Russian have closed a contract with the makers of this kinds of plate, though just how much is not known.

TENNYSON'S SUCCESSOR.

Alfred Austin to be Poet Laureate of England.

The November number of the Bookman states that it learns on reliable authority that Alfred Austin has been appointed poet laureate. Alfred Austin, poet, critic and journalist, was born near Leeds, May 30, 1835. He took his degree at the University of London in 1857 and in 1857 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple. At the age of 18 he had published a poem anonomously called "Randolph," and Mr. Austin is himself the authority for the statement that he was early imbued with the determination to devote his life to literature. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Season, a Satire," appeared in 1861. Since then he has published a large number of poetical productions. He has also published three novels. He has written much for the Standard and Quarterly Review. During the sitting of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, he represented the Standard at Rome, and he was the special correspondent of that journal at the headquarters of the King of Prussia in the Franco-German war. He has written a number of political and controversal works; and in 1883, in conjunction with Mr. W. J. Courthorpe, he founded the National Review. The work which last brought him into prominee was a prose work entitled "The Garden That I Love."

TO SHIELD HER HUSBAND.

Wife of the Man Charged With Seduction, Falsified to Protect Him.

John Campbell, a plasterer, formerly of Duluth, is under arrest at Winnipeg, charged with the seduction of a sixteen year old girl, to which offence he has pleaded guilty. The Duluth police department received a letter from Chief McRae, of Winnipeg, asking that Campbell's record in the former city be looked up for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the man was married. Campbell had not only acknowledged his guilt, but expressed a willingness to marry his victim. It was known that Campbell while at Duluth lived with a woman as his wife, and her whereabouts was easily discovered. She denied, however, that she was married to Campbell, although she had lived with him five years, and had born him two children, but upon searching the records it was found that Campbell and the little woman had been legally married on October 4, 1886, and she had falsified to save her husband from the clutches of the law. Chief McRae said that Campbell communicated with his wife shortly after his arrest, without the knowledge of the police. Campbell is well connected in Duluth.

An Immense Gold Pyramid.

It is not often that the ordinary citizen is privileged to see so much gold at one time as was displayed in the windows of the C.P.R. ticket office on St. James street the other day. In fact, if he had that amount of gold of his own he would consider himself entitled to retire from work. The gold consisted of an immense pyramid, that in immense as gold pyramids go, and a brick. The two lumps of gold are said to be worth $20,000. They were received by the Bank of Montreal from the gold mines in the Cariboo district of British Columbia and are the result of three weeks' washing. Montrealers are among the largest shareholders in the company which owns the mine, and this excellent showing is very encouraging. A special C.P.R. constable guarded the gold inside the office and a city constable was on the watch outside, and they were not relieved from their duty until they had accompanied the metal and the manager of the Bank of Montreal to the bank and saw it safely placed in the strong vaults of that institution.—Montreal Gazette.

Gold for Montreal.

A cone of gold and a gold bar, weighing in all 3,587 ounces, are on the way to Montreal and will be placed on exhibition there. The cone contains 5,435 ounces, valued at $41,857, as the result of the clear up of the famous Cariboo mine in Golden, Cariboo, after 20 days' run with 2,500 inches of water. The bar contains 1,152 ounces, valued at $25,150, and is the result of the clean-up at the Horse fly, a sister mine, of 40 days' duration.

SOCIALISTIC UNION.

Man and Woman to Live Together Without the Form of Matrimony.

A sensational case which is causing intense excitement throughout England is the effort of Miss Edith Lanchester—a young and quite pretty school teacher, the daughter of parents in the middle class—to live openly with a young laborer, without a previous ceremony of marriage. They are socialists, and like Grant Allen's heroine, "the woman who did" mean the act to be an open protest against legal matrimony. There have been various public proceedings in the affair, and the young woman has received very influential aid and sympathy from the best journals in London, and the provinces and from other notable quarters. The fact is symptomatic of the recent change in public sentiment touching matters of this sort. The outrageous public promenade in the music halls, which everyone knows to be simply and only places of meeting are defended by half the London press. Upon the other hand, the established church is setting its face rigidly against the religious marriage of a person divorced for unfaithfulness. The open protest of church dignitaries, supported by the Duke of Newcastle, against such a marriage in a fashionable London church last summer is to be soon repeated at the forthcoming similar notable wedding ceremony of a Guardsman to the daughter of a peer. The couple have been duly warned of the intention of members of the Social Purity league to denounce them at the very altar. The famous London specialist, Dr. Blandford, who signed the certificate of Miss Lanchester's insanity, defends his action by quoting her admission that she knows that she would have no legal claim on her lover for the support of their children, and by saying that, as he would be justified in pronouncing her insane if she declared to him her intention to commit physical suicide, so he was justified in forming the same opinion on her declared intention to commit moral suicide. It is important to note the point that Dr. Blandford is the same authority whom the government sent to examine Dr. Gallagher and other Irish political prisoners, in response to the public agitation regarding their mental condition. The doctor favored the father of Miss Lanchester with a certificate that she was of unsound mind, and accommodated the British government with a guarantee of the sanity of its prisoners.

The present drama began by the action of the girl's father and brothers, who got Dr. Blandford's certificate of insanity, and forcibly dragged her off to a semi-private lunatic asylum. Then Sullivan, who is engaged now to be married to her, applied for a writ of habeas corpus. The papers made a sensational row, and the lunacy commissioners paid a personal visit to the asylum and released the girl. It is not surprising that the outburst of public indignation over the facility which the law affords for the incarceration of almost anybody in a mad house is something tremendous.

WATERWAYS SCHEME.

Appointment of Commissioners by President Cleveland to Confer With Canadians.

The U. S. president has appointed Jas. B. Angel, of Michigan; John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, and Lyman E. Conley, of Illinois, commissioners to make inquiry and report upon the feasibility of a deep water canal between the great lakes and the Atlantic ocean under the act approved on March 2 last.

The deep water commission is required to meet and confer with a similar commission yet to be appointed by Great Britain or the Dominion of Canada with reference to the creation of a deep water connection between the lakes and the Atlantic, and if any part of the channel shall fall within Canadian lines, they are to determine what treaty stipulations are necessary to ensure the free use of the channel to citizens of the United States on equal terms with Canadians. No salary is attached to the position of commissioner, although expenses are provided for. The commission as constituted ranges high in the estimation of engineer officer Mr. Angell, who negotiated the Chinese treaty and regarded as peculiarly fit to treat the diplomatic questions involved. Mr. Conley is by profession able to pass upon the engineering features of the work, and ex-representative Russell, Massachusetts is believed to be equipped to deal with the enterprise as a commercial project.

The announcement recently made in Washington that President Cleveland had appointed three commissioners to confer with a similar number from Canada on the subject of deep waterways has revived local interest in the work of the Deep Waterways association, which was originally formed in Toronto in the summer of 1894, and whose recent convention in Cleveland did much to further its objects and secure the aid of the two governments interested.

Mr. Howland, M. P. P., president of the Deep Waterways association, in the course of an interview, said the American commissioners would prove admirably suited for their work. He was especially pleased at the nomination of Conley, who was an engineer of great ability. He said this was the beginning of a most important work. Nothing is so far known as to whom the Canadian government will put upon the commission, but it is expected that some of the gentlemen selected will be Mr. Howland, one of the government's chief engineers, and some other whose name has not yet been mentioned.

HONORED AS HEROES.

A Touching Incident of the Insurrection in Cuba.

Details which have been received at Havana, from Cienfuegos regarding the release of sixteen Spanish soldiers who were captured by the insurgents during the engagement fought at Tardio Ojo de Agua, near Cienfuegos, province of Santa Clara, show that sixty-four Spanish soldiers made a gallant stand the other day against 1,200 insurgents. The soldiers were commanded by Col. Valle, Major Sanches and Capts. Navaro and Rio, who were among the first captured, and released by Rego, the insurgent leader. The latter was the first to greet the Spanish officers and embracing Colonel Valle, he said: "Return to your comrades, heroes. You are an honor to the Spanish nation and I am proud to be able to boast of descending from such people." Then followed a touching moment, during which the Spaniards and the Cubans embraced eachother and bid each other farewell, the Cubans shouting as the Spaniards went away: "Adios valientes espanoles." The Spanish soldiers, nearly all of whom were wounded, were well cared for while in the hands of the insurgents and dined at the same table as Rego. The action of the Cubans has caused no little good feeling towards them.

Magistrate—"Now tell me why you stole that watch." Prisoner—"Oh, just to while away the time."

A successful business depends upon internal economy and external push.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A MALADY THAT HAS LONG BAFFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of a Cure of a Little Girl Who Was a Severe Sufferer.

From the Ottawa Journal.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulborn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulborn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, 8 years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of the Journal called at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Avira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dance' as to require almost constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a

"NOW ENTIRELY FREE FROM DISEASE."

similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement, after using six boxes more, she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and strongly recommend them in similar cases.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

FROM THE YUKON.

American Miners and the Work of the Canadian Government.

A party of miners from the head waters of the Yukon river have arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., and report the Canadian government is establishing well equipped fortifications commanding the bluffs overlocking stragetic points along the supposed international boundary line. A large company of Canadian military police is busily engaged in exploring the country for mountain passes, both in Alaska and Canadian territory. The loop of Forty-Mile Creek runs into British territory and to reach the most valuable mines, it is necessary for American miners to pass through small portions of foreign territory. The river is very narrow and the police have erected an overtowering cliffs fortress, which completely guards travel on the river. At several other points breastworks of stone have been erected. On the whole the action of the police indicate that preparations are being made to accommodate the large squads of militia at various points along the boundary particularly in the vicinity of Placer river. However, the police are very kind toward American miners, rendering them every assistance possible and in many other ways bestowing small favors. In the entire area of country in British territory, small detachments, attired in citizens clothes have visited all important mining camps reconnoitering the surrounding country. What there object was they could not state. On the British side are stationed customs and judicial officers and a good system of municipal government is maintained. The miners bring news that the country last spring was flooded with at least a thousand inexperienced men, who rushed into the mines and were bitterly dissappointed. They predict that before the approaching winter is over much suffering will be experienced. There is not enough food in the mines to last through the winter. Last winter provisions run short, and hundreds of miners were afflicted with scury. Three died. The miners have not been very successful this season.

Fatal Accident.

William McCurdy, died at the general hospital, Winnipeg, the other evening from the effects of an accident which befel him on the C. P. R. at Rennie a few days ago, and by which he had one of his legs cut off below the knee. Mr. McCurdy came to Manitoba from Vienna, Ont., two months ago with one of the harvest labor excursions, and went to work for a farmer south of Brandon. Just before the engagement terminated the farmer's crop and chattles were seized by the sheriff and he was unable to secure his wages. Desiring to return home, and being without money, he determined to steal rides on freight trains. By this means he had got as far as Rennie and was in the act of getting on a car there while the train was in motion when he fell on the track and the car wheels passed over one of his legs, cutting it off below the knee. He was taken to Rat Portage, where his injuries were attended to, and was then sent to the hospital at Winnipeg. He was admitted to the hospital in a very weak condition and only lived until six o'clock in the evening.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

Herbert Spencer Gives the World His Views on the Controversy.

Herbert Spencer writes a long letter to the London Times on the Canadian copyright question, in the course of which he indicates an important issue which has been entirely ignored: namely, that the multiplication of the centres of production prevents the writing of many books that would otherwise be written. This does not much effect the works of amusement, but on the works of instruction it often weight with fatal effect, not killing but preventing their birth. The exaction of a condition Mr. Spencer goes on to say, that books must be printed in America is a serious evil to the American copyright act, and would be increased if Canada and the other colonies were to succeed in enforcing a similar stipulation on British authors. "In my case," Mr. Spencer says, "had I not maintained a sale in America without reprinting there, the works which have occupied me since 1860, would never have been written."

The Times has an editorial commenting on the foregoing, in which it says that it trusts the controversy will be settled by the commanding influence of common sense and appeals to Canada, whether it is fair or wise to push its pretensions to the utmost. If Canada is to have separate laws, the Times points out, every British colony may claim the same power which would prove ruinous to authors.

COLONEL ASHFORD.

New Evidence is Discovered Against the Canadian.

A Washington special says: According to reports from Honolulu, the case of Col. Volney V. Ashford, formerly of Livingstone county, is assuming fresh interest from the discovery of new evidence on the government side. In reviewing the testimony in the various trials before the Hawaiian military commission last February, at which a number of British subjects were convicted of misprision of treason, the jurists employed by the British government found the evidence in the case of Col. V. V. Ashford insufficient to justify conviction, and had suffered some imprisonment in convict stripes, when he was released on account of ill-health, upon condition of leaving the country. The case wrs taken up by the government for review. The defect found in the testimony was the lack of sufficient outside corroborative testimony to support that of Ashford's accomplices, especially the chief witness, Sam Nowlein, who had turned state's evidence. He was the leader of the insurgents in the field. Ashford had undertaken to conduct one branch of the operations, but at a late moment alleged physical disability and backed out, which was a highly judicious proceeding. Ashford had some military experience in the American civil war, and in the Red river campaign. Liliuokalani signed a commission last December, just before the insurrection, appointing Ashford associate justice. All this was proved on the trial, but was thrown out by the military commission, because it was demonstrated that Ashford knew of his appointment. Supporting testimony has now, it is said, been obtained by the government. It is that of a person who is of reliable character. The testimony of his complicity from this source is claimed to be clear and circumstantial.

SATOLLI'S RED HAT.

Twill Probably be Conferred Early in December.

The present indication is that the ceremony of conferring the cardinal's beratta on Mgr. Satolli will be on Dec. 8. The consistory at Rome is expected to assemble between the 11th and the 14th of the present month, and if this plan is carried out there will be time to arrange the ceremony so that it may be held on the 8th.

There is no further doubt that Mgr. Satolli will go to Rome at the next consistory, following the one about to assemble, and will probably remain there. His going to Rome is an essential to his appointment and until he meets the consister in person he is not qualified to take part in its deliberations, although his administrative duties in this country will not be effected by the lack of this formality.

The probability that Mgr. Satolli will remain in Rome after next year will doubtless lead to much speculation as to his successor as delegate in Washington. The nuncios at The Hague and Lisbon have been mentioned for the position. It is a certain that a cardinal will not be designated and that the prelate will not be above an archbishop. It is not even certain as yet that the pope will designate any successor to Mgr. Satolli, for a time at least, although the permanency of the delegation is regarded as altogether probable. Mgr. Satolli's mission was a special one due largely to the personal confidence the pope reposed in him. Moreover, it is regarded as within the range of possibility that the next delegate will be an American Archbishop, as such an officer would be in close touch with the American hierarchy and the institutions of the country. This, however, is a contingency which may occur, but which has not, of course, advanced to any stage of definiteness.

It Paid to be Ugly.

Women are raising money to furnish the new public hospital at Melrose, Ill., and the managers of the street railway have offered to divide the day's receipts with them if they would "man" the cars and collect fares. This was readily agreed to and at 6 o'clock young women, many from the wealthiest families in town, reported at the street car office for duty. Before noon several of the new conductresses had become so nervous over the strain of watching the street corners, pulling the register and starting bells, and making change, that they were obliged to quit. Others were ready to take their places, and several hundred dollars were realized by the women. They never gave back change to good-looking young men.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature.—Lavater.

Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

Intellect is the simple power subordinate to all action of construction.

One Bottle Cures.

Dear Sirs,—This winter I was troubled with a severe cold, I tried several remedies but without avail. On the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which completely cured me. ROY B. STAPLES, Holland, Man.

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.

Distressing Pain Cured.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil for pain of any kind. It cured me of distressing pain that the doctor could not cure, and my doctor is a good one, too. MRS. DAVID LABOR.
Waterford, Ont.

Acts Like Magic.

Humility is the great characteristic of great minds.

Doctors recommend Norway Pine Syrup because it is the best cure for coughs and colds. Price 25c. and 50c. at druggists.

PROSTRATED FOR TWO YEARS WITH LIVER COMPLAINT.

Restored to Perfect Health by South American Nervine, was Mr. W. J. Hill, of Bracebridge, Ont.

When men and women can be got away from simply temporizing with disease there will be less disease in the world. The immediate matter, it is natural, is to relieve the present trouble, but how often it is forgotten that any cure that is only skin deep, if we may use the expression, cannot be lasting. It will certainly turn up again.

This was the case with Mr. W. J. Hill, the well-known bailiff of Bracebridge, Ont. He had suffered from severe liver trouble and nervous prostration for nearly three years. During this time he doctored to no end, and occasionally secured a little temporary relief. But the old trouble would come back again after the charm of the cure-alls had been exhausted.

He entered upon the use of South American Nervine with little hope that it would be any better than other medicines he had taken. But he soon discovered the mistake. Where doctors had said that he must die this medicine gave him life. He persevered with it, and to-day is in possession of robust health. The secret is this: South American Nervine treats with the life blood that keeps the system in perfect health. When these nerve centres are kept healthy neither liver complaint nor other troubles will worry one. Mr. Hill's cure was lasting for this reason. Any one who uses Nervine will experience tame result.

For sale by your local druggist.

Fort William, Ont.

Mr. William Day, of Fort William, Ont., says: Two years ago my wife was very ill with Dyspepsia. No remedy that she could find gave any relief. Finally she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. That is now more than two years ago and she has had no return of the malady. I also have had occasion to use B. B. B. and I cannot speak too highly in its favor. I always recommend it to my friends and in every case with good results.

Yours very truly,
WM. DAY.

I'm afraid a leetle suspicious of the man wot knows everything.

Dear Sirs,—I can truly say that Burdock Blood Bitters acts like magic. It drove all the pimples and blotches from my face, cleansed my blood and increased my weight by simply using one bottle.
J. E. EDWARDS, Arnprior, Ont.

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ARE FULLY EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED
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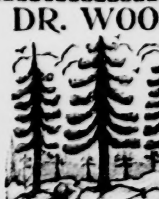
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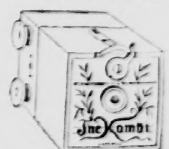

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BLIND JUSTICE.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

The Styrian laughed harshly.

"Is your blood no cold in your country?" he said. "Do you always throw the women you love into the arms of other men? Living, she would be his dead she is as much mine as his.

"Not so," I cried, "since you have possessed neither her heart nor her. Go home, go home to your own country and hold up your head there if you can with the memory for ever with you of the coward's deed you have done here."

"It is *I* who have been deceived," cried the Styrian, with heaving breast. "I came honorable to make her my wife, only to find that I was be fooled by a scoundrel whom I had loosed and fed when he was destitute, whom I taught and enriched till he had almost forgotten his former miserable estate, and who rewarded me as you know."

"What he did is no business of hers," I said, looking him full in the face with bitter contempt, "and all the sins of his misspent life would weigh as nothing in the balance of your blood-guiltiness, for if she dies, you are her murderer."

"You say mad," said the Styrian sullenly, "the lawful wife my country found her guilty, and your laws are just. I have lied to you, and I could not save her if I would. You think that Seth Treloar and I know some secret about arsenic that enabled us to take it with impunity —who else did he die from an overdose of it."

"God knows," I cried bitterly, "your undoubted juggling with the cursed stuff is devilish low, but certainly by some other right he had not his antidote with him."

A flitting smile of contempt told me that I had missed the mark, then the Styrian said calmly,

"It never carried for he never needed, an antidote."

I shrugged my shoulders and yawned, "I am utterly weary of the subject.

"I agree," I said, indifferently, "of having wasted so much time on the thing already. May I expect to see you on the scaffold?"

"Stay," said the Styrian, "when you come," and the Styrian. "Look you—she is a prisoner on the other hand life and riches —on the other a horrible death —a thing—not even her proud fisherfor company. All to-night she will think and think, to-morrow I will go to her and she will answer me differently. I nodded in a harsh note of interro-

I had made him no answer, only nodding my head to him in a curt farewell as I went out.

It was dark night by now and the waters below the cliff seemed rolling more wrathfully, but above their sound I heard the shaking of rough bolts and bars with which the Styrian fastened to barricade the hut.

Then I saw the blinds pulled down and heard the shutters close, and I had the grim feeling of being turned out like a dog from my own kennel as I stood in the darkness without. But I was hungry and had to make some arrangements to, after sneaking my long and rusty rifle in the rock next to, I joined the fishing path that led down to

and I had somethin once

and a good home, during a long time stolen at last, as I had played in being almost a

a sister up to th' hut, those my under dessert

"Seth Treloar's," I said

looking grave, "that sawl if un had failed

I must close as wished 'un no harm. but as it was, no glimmer of light showed through the cracks of the crazy building.

Evidently the Styrian had a little anticipated my usual time for retiring, and presently he gave an oral proof of it, for I heard a cord of snoring reached me, and I smiled at discovering the quarter from which it came, home to less a slave than to his master, which he evidently preferred to the shake-down I had made up for him below.

No sound could have pleased me better. He slept with barricaded doors, secure as he supposed in a fortress, and with not the smallest fear of surprise to keep him awake. Exhausted as he was his slumbers were likely to be profound, and my spirits rose as I went round to the back of the hut, and lit the lantern with which I had taken care to provide myself at the inn.

The door of the small outhouse or leanto yielded readily to my touch. I closed it behind me, and looked through the narrow grating I have before mentioned, in the room beyond. The embers on the hearth still glowed, but the place was in darkness, and at once I opened the door, and stepped in.

I heard came the long regular breathing of the Styrian, for awhile I stood still, then I removed my boots, darkened the lanthorn, and with the utmost care proceeded to creep up the stairs which led in an open space, in one corner of which stood the bed upon which my hidden guest had disposed himself.

He was fully dressed, so much I saw in the narrow blink of the lanthorn I permitted myself to uncover, and bitter disappointment seized me, for I knew that the thing I sought was not all on his person, and that my chances of taking it alive were small indeed.

He lay on his back, one arm, with the hand open and empty, thrown behind his head, the other hidden beneath the coverlet, which he had half wrapped him-

The distance from the bed was a little more than I sat down to think, and I availed me little. Nothing but the seeming him by sheer physical force, and that not matched his (which I guessed, could wrest from him the key in which he found nourishment and strength, and in the fellow to Seth Treloar had found death.

I could do nothing, but with the patience of Jake whose movements would certainly have awakened the sleeper, I might by good luck have bound him, but I was alone, unarmed, and we faced me.

I could see there a minute or an hour, when with a half groan he turned his head, and suddenly threw out an arm that fell sheer across my chest and rested there.

It had all the weight of a blow, and I trembled under the shock, it was so horribly unexpected; but as the moments passed, and his regular breathing convinced me that he slept, I gradually shifted the lanthorn and cautiously stole a ray of light that shewed me his strong fingers closed tightly on the horn box or release his grip upon whatsoever he holds, but I had no such power to make flaccid this man's muscles, and in sheer helplessness and desperation I sate for what seemed to me a lifetime with that heavy arm weighing on my breast.

What real length of time elapsed, I cannot say, but suddenly he turned with a heavy groan, as if some spectre troubled his sleep, and his arm fell to the ground with a dull thud, then he fell to snoring loudly and regularly as before.

Kneeling down I ventured on a tiny shaft of light that showed me his relaxed hand lying on the ground, palm uppermost, with and the sight of it nearly took my breath away for joy—the horn box loosely held in the relaxed fingers.

For one in my life I rose to the emergency of the moment, and without hesitation slipped the box from beneath that nerveless touch, and stole away.

But I had reckoned without that instinct, belonging of right only to animals, but found in savages and men who live almost entirely in the open air; an instinct that becomes developed almost into a sixth sense, that keeps sentinel over the others while they sleep, and gives instant warning of danger.

On the instant the Styrian awoke, found his hand empty, and held his breath to listen for the slightest sound that might give evidence of a stranger's presence. Then he swept his hand along the floor as thinking he might have dropped what he missed, and, not finding it hurled his huge weight out of bed, and I said to myself, "Now, if he possesses a light I am a dead man," and listening for the striking of a match, that, thank God! did not come.

I heard instead a click, ominous enough, and doubting if in the darkness he so accurately knew the position of the staircase as to cover it successfully, I stooped down, and, getting on my hands and knees, crawled to the stair-head with all the speed I could command.

Instantaneously, with the fast sound I made, came a shot that passed directly over my head, and then the boards groaned under the Styrian's weight as he dashed across the narrow room towards me, just missing my heels as I slid down the stairs, checking my too rapid descent by grasping the low hand-rail that on one side guarded them.

He fired again with the same result as before, and then some thundering after me, but I had the start, and knew that if I could reach the secret door which I had left open, I was safe.

But even as I slipped through it, a sharp report and a stinging sensation in my right shoulder told me that I was hit, and I had barely drawn the door closed behind me, when he fell against it with a crash that shook the whole place.

I heard him cursing and raging on the other side, completely baffled by my disappearance, and probably not aware that he had winged me.

Softly I slipped out at the other door, and sped down the winding path at the top of my speed, never drawing breath till I reached the nearest cottage, where lived a fisherman with his three stalwart sons, all soundly asleep, and with difficulty awakened.

"I have been shot at, and wounded by the man at Smuggler's Hole," I said, "you must come with me at once and secure him.

The blood that dripped from my coat sleeve corroborated my story plainly enough when the three joined me, but the emergency left no time for those explanations that I should have been puzzled to give, and no more was said till we arrived at the hut.

Outside it we held a parley

"Him carries fire arms," said the old fisherman, "an if such a wan o his bullets be as spry as this 'un," and he touched my arm significantly.

"We must take him by surprise," I said. "While two of you beat at the front door and ask for me, the others must steal on him from behind, through the masked door. He will be parleying with you, and so we can easily overcome him without so much as a shot being fired.

So in the darkness, and without a murmuring word from any of them, our party divided, and my pulses beat fast, as, followed by two strong fellows, I entered the hidden room, and, advancing to the grating, looked in.

The Styrian had kindled a light, and the sound of his curses came plainly to my ears as he stalked to and fro, raging at his inability to discover how the midnight thief had escaped.

Even as I watched him his fury received a check, for loud and urgent came the summons from without, and the sound of rough voices calling on my name.

For awhile he stood like an arrested statue of doubt and anger, then he strode to the door with a gesture as if he would drive away those unwelcome intruders, and on the instant I leaped silently out of my ambush, followed by the two men, and before he had time to turn in the narrow room we were upon him, and had pinioned both hands behind his back.

He struggled and roared out as the pistol fell clattering from his hand, and tore and kicked and bit at all three of us; his strength had not been so enormous, I think I should have felt ashamed of the uneven odds of three men against one, but as it was we found all our work cut out to secure him to the table, which was solid enough to fit a prison.

Bound and humiliated, the Styrian showed his teeth in a snarl of malignant hate as he looked up at me.

"You use your guests strangely in this country," he said; "first you rob and then you deprive them of their liberty, and what do you expect to gain by it?"

"A woman's life," I said, then all things grew dim before me, and with them faded the face that seemed to hide an urgent dread and fear beneath its mask of defiance and shame.

CHAPTER XIV.

The chill air was blowing in on me, and some rough surgery, pending the arrival of the doctor, was being applied to my arm, when I came to myself and looked around.

My eyes fell first upon Stephen, who returned my questioning gaze with another.

"Awh, whatever have 'un bin up to?" he said. "Sheddin' o bid woant help he wi' Judith, an' he be but a raskill, too, t' set upo' we like this."

"Stay here with me, and help watch him," I said, then thanked the three fishermen the fourth had gone for the doctor for what they had done, rewarded them handsomely, and sent them away.

They cast many a puzzled glance behind, undoubtedly much exercised in their minds as to the meaning of the night's work, and they had barely gone when the doctor's cheery voice sounded without, and he came briskly in. He cast a comprehensive glance around, lifted his eyebrows slightly, then, without asking a question, proceeded to examine my arm.

"H'm, a pretty severe flesh wound," he said, "and the bullet must be probed for; you'll have to come back with me to my place. Steve here will keep an eye on your prisoner. What brought you to such a hole as this?" he went on, looking at me keenly, then turning to bend a long gaze on the Styrian, "and in such company?"

He did not wait for an answer but hurried out. He had lived all his life at Trevenick, and had no doubt been called to more than one seen of blood-shed and violence under this roof.

I followed him at once, leaving alone together the man who loved and was beloved of Judith, and the man who loved and was scorned by her.

"Doctor," I said, when a sufficiently painful quarter of an hour had been got through, and the Styrian's bullet lay in my hand, "is it possible for man to take a quantity of arsenic daily with impunity, then die suddenly from the effects of it?"

The doctor, who had been cleansing and replacing his instruments, turned to me quickly with a wicked-looking knife poised in his hand, and said,

"So you have not yet got rid of your insane idea that Seth Treloar poisoned himself?"

"No, I said firmly, and what's more I am going to prove it. This box (I produced it) taken from that man while he slept to-night, is positive prove that he takes arsenic habitually; and as he was a close companion of Seth Treloar's for years, it is pretty certain that their habits as well as occupations were identical."

Dr. Cripps took the box from my hand, tasted a grain of its contents with a very wry face, then said,

"There's enough here to kill a hundred men."

"You have not answered my question," I said, and I repeated it.

"It is one I could not possibly answer," he said, off-hand. "It is unusual, extraordinary even for the body to assimilate large doses of an irritant poison, but I should say that having once violated Nature's rules successfully, a man would not be likely to succumb to its effects."

My face fell, and the smart of my shoulder angered me as a useless and intolerable pain.

"So he shot you because you stole this," said Dr Cripps, the pallid morning light falling on his round weather-beaten face, at once homely and shrewd; "then clearly he sets a high value on it, and I shall be curious to know how he gets on without it."

He spoke slowly as one who thought aloud, his hand arrested on its way to the table, and in his eyes I caught the slow glimmer of an idea.

"Seth Treloar was under the influence of the drug which Judith gave him for twenty-four hours," he said, "it would be dark when he came to himself, and he may have wandered round and round like a beast in a cage for hours, ignorant of the open trap door over his head, and the rope by which he might reach it. Did he—did he—"

"Die for the want of the poison that he was in the habit of taking at regular intervals?" I burst out, putting at last into word and shape the idea that had so constantly eluded me, and to which an indefinable something in the doctor's face assisted me.

"Exactly," said Dr. Cripps, "and it strikes me we have now an excellent opportunity of finding out that opportunity being furnished by the gentleman who is now safely tied to the leg of your kitchen table. But what brought him here?" he asked suddenly.

I told him the Styrian's story from the beginning of his interview with Judith, and everything down to the present time.

"The game is in your own hands," he said, when I stopped, "you have only to sit down and watch the man. If he shows symptoms of collapse, send for me, but it's the most extraordinary—" he paused abruptly.

"Poor girl," he said in a moved voice, and I was ready, like all the rest of the world, to believe that the sudden temptation overcame her, and turned a good woman into a bad one—but we don't know yet. I must go to bed now for a couple of hours, for I've a harder day's work before me, young man, than yours as amateur detective. And now you'll go back and get some sleep yourself. I'll look in after breakfast, and before I go out I'll write to B—— the first toxicologist of the day, and ask him a few questions. I wish I had done so sooner."

And he disappeared upstairs, as I went out into the grey morning, more than satisfied with the night's work, and full of hopes of what the next twenty four hours should bring forth.

CHAPTER XV.

It was mid-day when I woke from the heavy slumber into which I fell from pure exhaustion on my return from Dr. Cripps, my limbs aching from the hard chair in which I had slept, and with what felt like the brand of a red hot iron deep in my shoulder.

I looked across to the bound figure by whose side was set cup and platter, both untouched, though the wolfish look of hunger and craving that met mine put me in mind of nothing so much as a starving, hunted dog. Had his torment commenced already? it would have to be sharpened yet before I wasted a word upon him. Stephen sate in the open door-way, a patient pathetic figure, whose attitude spoke to his hopeless despair, and whose eyes were blind to the glory of the scene upon which he gazed.

He looked up apathetically as I joined him, too engrossed in his own sorrow to heed me much.

"Th' sun woant rise many mo' times upo' her, poor sawl," he said, looking out at the living joy of the sea, "it 'ull a' be dark whar she lies, tho' th' flowers 'll bloom as swate, an' th' birds sing as lond as ever over her head, ay, an' th' little 'un 'll laff the whiles my heart is breakin'."

"You'll see many a sunrise together yet," I said cheerfully, "ay, and many a sunset too. Keep a close watch on that fellow. I shall get something to eat in the village, it would choke me to eat in his presence," and I stepped over the threshold as a captive escaping from his dungeon.

Hatless, I roamed forth with the sea, air, and sky for company, feeling brain and body rested with every step I took, and drinking in all the sweet influences of the morning with a joy to which I had long been a stranger.

"Soon," thought I, "Judith's elastic step will tread this cliff, and she will look up free as air to heaven, innocent before God and man, and already forgetting those gates of death that so lately yawned to receive her.

"In the grave lo' all things are forgotten, and in life, man, if he be happy, does not remember, he just breathes and rejoices in the mere sense of being, and the fretted arch of the blue above, the balmy air that blows from inland to the shore, and the thousand scents of the blossoming spring will speak to her in soft whispers of the happy years to come with the lover who clung to her when all the world passed her by.

"Instead of everlasting silence, the laughter of happy voices; in place of the worm's cold touch, the sweet clinging of her infant's fingers, and instead of the accursed memory of the slayer of innocent blood, the honest savour and sweetness of an honorable and blameless life.

I fancy I roamed beside the pair, and tasted all the keenness of their delight. I seemed to see the bruised spirit of the man revive, and lift itself as a flower stretches upward to the sunlight, the bowed form once more erect and the light in his clouded eyes shining gladly forth upon his fellows.

On and on I wandered from cliff to cliff, feeling only the springing turf, the wooing, whispering air, seeing but the mingled glory of sea and sky, and those tender hues of spring that spread over the land, like the sudden laughter upon the face of a very young child.

No occasion had I for haste, rather a secret necessity behind all this tumult of joy bade me linger and spend lavishly the hours of this glorious day, so that many night elapse before I returned to the hut, and gauged the effect that the progress of time had made on the Styrian.

Ought not the thought of that caged wretch to have taken all the spring out of my limbs, the elixir out of my morning cup! Did not those wolfish eyes haunt me with their dumb cry for what I had stolen from him like any common thief?

No! they disturbed me as little as did the smarting pain in my shoulder, felt, indeed, but disregarded in the triumphant exultation of my mood. For I was buoyed up by more than hope; a sense of victory, even possessed me, and the mere touch of the horn box in my breast pocket gave me a physical feeling of success impossible to describe.

In less than twenty-four hours—that was the limit I had set to the Styrian's powers of endurance without his drug—I should know its secret, whether life or death, and it would go hard with me if Dr. Cripps and I did not between us wring a confession from him that would clear the woman to whom he was acting so basely.

Presently the delightful pang, delightful when one sees a prospect of allaying it, whose name is hunger, assailed me.

The man who sleeps, dines, says the proverb, but I was well satisfied with my appetite now I had found it.

I had passed, far below me, more than one fisherman's cottage nestled like a seagull upon a spur of the cliff, but when I came in sight of the next, I descended to the good woman within.

"Awh," she said, scanning me closely with the clear, reasonable eye, that seems peculiar to the fisherfolk' "'ee can bide a bit. I seed 'ee war a stranger when 'ee comed over top o th' cliff, m'appen 'ee be th' chap fro' Trevenick as is livin' to Smuggler's Hole?" she added with a sudden change of tone as she set bread and fish on the table.

"Yes, I'm the chap from Trevenick," I said, "and to all appearance you haven't heard much in my favor."

"Naw," she said co dly. "I ha'nt heard much to you'm credit. Why couldn't 'ee let a poor sawl be, 'stead o' doin' constable's work, when, as I hear tell, 'ee be rich eno' to do nothin fo' a livin'? But laws, little perky folks is allus up to mischief!"

She stood with her magnificent arms akimbo, looking as if for two pins she would have taken and shaken me like a rat.

But I was hungry and I was happy, so I ate and drank diligently, answering her not a word.

"Yes," she went on with a grand disregard for the laws of hospitality, "'less you'm rich, an' Judith's poor, 'ee 've got th' best o 'un, but if iver a sawl went innocent to her crool death, that sawl be Judith Croft."

She spoke the last word defiantly as if inviting contradiction, and I said to myself, "Judith is richer than she thinks, for she possesses one friend in the world besides Stephen."

Aloud I said,

"You are the first woman I have heard express any doubt of Judith's guilt."

The fisherman's wife laughed angrily.

"Does 'em knaw her so well as I knaw her?" she said; "her hiver make but wan fren' mongst th' women and I was that wan, an' I knowed her inside an' out as well as a page o' thicky Bible upo' that shelf."

"And yet you have been near her," I said, "I have heard her say that she had not one friend in the world save Stephen Croft."

"Awh," said the woman sadly, "'tis true nuff, if frens is reckoned by frenly actions, but my law, he be terrible masterful, an' when Judith war took him sos to me, 'I forbids 'ee t' go anighst her; howsomedever frens 'ee was, her baint fit for an honest woman stand by naw.

An' I could niver make 'un bliev' her warn't t' blame. 'Pison be pison,' ses he, 'an' who wanted 'un out o' th' way so bad as her did?' An' iverv naw 'n th' village thinkit at his wife, as it so be her moight ha' got th' same notion in her head towards 'un."

"If she did not kill him," I said, "how then did he die?"

"How can I tell 'ee?" she said scornfully. "God a'mighty's got His own way o' takin' off folks, an' praps God a'mighty war angry wi' Seth for comin' home an' meddlin' in what he'd spoilt enuf already. I never could abide meddlers myself."

"Why were all the women so hard on her?" I said, pushing back my chair from the table: "judging by what I have heard, she never tried to take away a lover from any of them."

"Do 'ee think her'd any need to try?" said the woman contemptuously; "wherever she war, thar war the one woman, th' rest o' 'em was pale shadders, an' th' men could as hev' deny th' sun war shinin' as keep their eyes fro' strayin' to she. Laws, I always makes 'lowance for handsome folks—seems as if 'em warnt meant fo' jest wan sawl's happiness, but Judith niver wanted no 'lowance made for she. Her war made fo' luv' but somethin' in her kep' her straight, and luv' she niver took, an' niver knawed, till Steve comet to Trevenick, an' years upo' years they passed wan another by wi' on'y their eyes to speak th' warld of luv 'atween 'em. An' th' gigles was all as mad as mad, 'cos he wouldna look at 'em, and th' baws was bitter an' wild 'cos Judith preferred he, an' so it was that she'd nary a fren' 'mong 'em all but me, an' tis little 'nuff good I'se been to she. If yo' see her" (the woman's voice softened, and tears stood in her eyes) "will 'ee tell her that 'Lizabeth' have carried a sair heart 'pon her account, but her daurna disobey her man, an' her hant 'nuff book larnin' to write her a letter."

"Yes," I said. "I'll tell her, but you will be able to do it yourself before long."

"Naw," she said, "that can niver be. An' do her find it in her heart to forgive 'ee?" she added bitterly, "but the lamb allus looks up piteouslike to the butcher, an' praps her spirit's that broke, her blood be turned to watter.

"Her spir is not broken yet," I said. "Stephen Croft is the more downcast of the two."

"An ther'll be th' little 'un," went on the woman sadly, and now the tears fell heavily on her breast, "what ll 'un do wi' out 'un's mother? Praps my man 'ud let me take 'un—fo' a' he'm do set agen her. Awh, but 'tis a crooked warld. Years an' years my arms has ached fo' want o' a child t' fill 'em, an' here's Judith 'ull ha' that gied t' her that her can't keep."

"Please God, she shall," I said gravely, "and your man shall give her a warm welcome, and ask her forgiveness for his ill thoughts of her. And perhaps," I added (for she had really touched me), "you'll forgive me, too, some day."

"Naw," she said with spirit, "that I niver will. I baint no scholard, but I spelled out every word 'ee telled up agen her, an' from fust to last I thought 'ee a fule, an' a meddlin' fule, as is worse nor all. But 'ee niver knawed her, and how she niver did Seth an ill turn, fo' a' th' crool things 'un done to she; th' ony desarts her iver shawed 'un war when she gied him the stuff to make 'un slape, when he war like a figger on wires wi' th' tremblins. I knawed it, an' I niver blamed 'un; her'd bin murdered times an' times but fo' quieting o' 'un."

"And yet," I said, "it played her false in the end. If she had not given Seth Treloar a dose of it the night he came home, she would never have been made a miserable woman, but she would never have been accused of his murder. It was the one mistake she made in her otherwise blameless life."

"Iss," she said, "the only wan—an' 'ee 'm found out that, have 'ee?" After 'ee'd got 'un into gaol, an' wove the rope to hang un"—awh!" she added in a low tone of disgust, "let yer pity bide t' home,

TO BE CONTINUED

OLD-TIME QUILTING.

A Lost Art Being Revived—Some Charming Specimens Procurable.

Real old-time quilting done by hand and showing beauty as well as precision, has been revived. In common with much other fine tedious work it dropped into disuse when the sewing machine invaded every home, but it has returned, and with even more than its original charm.

The very latest spreads for infants' use are of soft India silk, elaborately quilted, and are very attractive indeed. A fine specimen seen this week, says a writer in the New York World, is of robin's egg blue, lined with creamy white. It is tufted with real down and is warm, while it is neither clumsy nor heavy. But the quilting is the distinctive feature, and that is done as perfectly as quilting can be. The pattern is quite as elaborate as any designed for bedding would be, and of the same general sort. Instead of being covered, however, it is traced with the finest possible stitching, all put in by hand. In itself it completely controverts the theory that the art of needle work is dying out. Not even relics of our great grandmother's time can show any finer work, and few can boast so handsome and elaborate a pattern. Whether one believes or does not that the result warrants the time expended and the strain upon the eyes is forced to admit that the spread is exquisite and dainty.

The stitches are marvels, for each one is of exactly the length of the last and even the machine could do no more regular work. To a woman born and bred in the last two decades the spread seems a wonder of patience as well as skill. Investigation into the realm of the long ago and a little searching among the treasures of our great-grandmothers' time may reveal similar things, but to modern eyes it is marvelous nevertheless.

To be sure a revival of fine handwork has been on the cards for some time past and it is and has been quite correct to allow such stitching a place anywhere near the sensitive skin. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the elaborate quilting is new to the present generation, and a more genuine novelty than such a revival is difficult to find.

AN INEFFECTIVE CURE.

The Remedy Was Administered All Right, but it Did Not Work.

A bachelor clergyman bought a parrot to relieve his silent chambers. The dealer assured him it was good talking bird, but warned him not to be surprised if it was silent for a few days until it became accustomed to its surroundings.

A week later the clergyman was back at the bird store. He said the man must come and take the parrot away. The night before he had a number of his best parishioners visit him, he explained, and the conversation woke Polly up. It talked all right, but such talk. Oaths and execrations of the most awful kind the bird poured out in torrents. Such a bird he could not keep.

You can cure him of that, said the dealer. Parrots often remember stuff they learned early, but you can cure them. Next time Polly swears have a pail of water ready and souse him into it, cage and all, and then shake and kick the cage around. Frighten the bird thoroughly and it will never swear again.

The experiment was duly tried and the next time Polly swore, cage and bird were plunged into the water, and then the kicking and shaking began. But in this process the catches which held the cage to its pan were loosened and Polly got out. However, the clergyman resolved to make the lesson thorough, pelted the unlucky bird with books, slippers and other missiles. Finally, when he was tired, Polly crawled up on the back of a chair and shook out its bedraggled and drenched plumage.

B-r-r-r-h! And then catching sight of the clergyman, Say, old man, where in thunder were you when the cyclone struck us?

REVIVAL OF ANTOINETTE STYLES.

Round Waists, Full Sleeves and Flaring Skirts Still Hold Sway.

The popular round waists, full sleeves and flaring skirts will continue with us this autumn save for little differences that make styles now vary slightly from those worn last spring. The revival in Paris of Marie Antoinette styles in midsummer, writes Emma M. Hooper in the October Ladies' Home Journal, has affected the latest designs in silken goods; the millinery and the gowns as well. One thing is settled, and that is that we are not going to carry around skirts of immense weight, as we have been doing. The most fashionable skirts are now only interlined to the knees, and in consequence are much less of a burden to the wearer. In width they remain from five to six yards. The sleeves are also softer in effect, though quite as large and pronounced in appearance as ever. It is in the little things, instead, that the styles have changed. Belts, collars and cuffs have all proved themselves capable of an infinite variety of form and arrangement, and by their effects change the old gown into the new, and make the new ones so attractive.

Items From Sam Jones.

Sam Jones preached last night from the text, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Of course the eloquent Georgian dropped some of the epigrammatic gems for which he is famous.

"I was in Jefferson city yesterday," he said, "and I saw 2,500 men in stripes. There would be 222,000 if all were there who should be. The biggest rascals never saw the inside of the penitentiary.

"The question nowadays is not what a man does, but what they can prove on him.

"If a fellow has plenty of money and no poor kin how are you going to prove anything on him. He is either crazy or innocent, sure.

"A man ought to be well paid for serving the devil, but what does he get? I wish some of you old gray-headed sinners would tell us what you have got for the most servile bondage which ever cursed mortal man.

GOLD-LINED KOOTENAY.

Description of the Richness of This Great Country.

D. D. Mann and W. McKenzie arrived in Winnipeg a few days ago having been for some time among their mining properties in the Kootenay country. Mr. Mann, speaking to a reporter of The Tribune, describe the prospects in that country as very wonderful. There is no boom, the properties being opened with the money of those who are working them, and not with foreign capital. A large number of the mines are in the hands of Canadians. No one who has not been in the country can form any estimate of its richness. Old miners from the great mining centres of the U. S. say that the richness of the Kootenay exceeds that of any other part of the continent. In fact, the whole country is just a succession of deposits of gold, silver, copper, lead and quicksilver. Though there is great activity in that country in mining, the industry is only in its infancy, and in a few years British Columbia will become one of the greatest mining countries in the world. What is needed is the completion of the railway through the Crows Nest Pass from Lethbridge to the Kootenay. This would give an abundance of coal for smelting from the mines along the pass, and would do more for finding a market for Manitoba products than the building of the C. P. R. At present American butter, flour, cheese, oats, hay and other staples are being brought in from the states, the duty being paid. They are enabled to do this in the face of Canadian competition because of the round route by which Canadian goods have to go in. At present one butcher at me is buying 50 to 60 of cattle per week on the ranches about Calgary and selling them in the Kootenay. All this could be limited if the road were direct. This is a thing Manitobans should agitate for as the population in that country will always be a consuming one for Manitoba products.

The quartz mills alone report an output last year of the value of $2,000,000, not considering all the output from the placer and hydraulic mines.

Mr. Mann has a few samples of ore with him that make all those who see them have a desire to travel westward.

AN EXTENSIVE FARMER

Is Lord Aberdeen—Particulars About His British Columbia Estate.

Some interesting particulars are available as to the Gordon generals extensive farming operations in the Okanagan Lake district of British Columbia. Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream ranch, situated in the White valley, four miles east of Vernon, includes an area of 17,000 acres, or over twenty three square miles, all fenced, of which some 10,000 acres are serviceable only for stock-grazing. The remainder is good arable land. The Governor General's total expenditure on the estate in purchase money, improvements and management to date is understood to approach $500,000, and at first at the hands of insufficient managers. His Excellency made some costly failures. Good results are, however, now occurring, and Lord Aberdeen confidently expects to the early future a good return on his investment. Rather more than 700 acres are already under cultivation, and of these some 500 are devoted to cereals, wheat and barley being largely grown.

One hundred acres are under fruit, 25 in hops and the remainder in roots, garden produce, etc. There are 600 head of cattle on the ranch, 100 horses and some sheep. The estate produced this year 120 tons of wheat, 40 tons of barley, 25 of which have been shipped experimentally to England. Cattle sold amounted to 250 head, all disposed within the province itself. Small fruit yielded 5 tons and hops 25 tons, at the rate of about 1,750 pounds per acre. The larger fruit trees are, however, yet too young to bear, except to a modest extent. Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream estate, with its varied produce and continuous experimenting, largely serves the purpose of an experimental farm for the whole surrounding district, and His Excellency consequently at considerable cost, does incressingly good service to the agriculture of a most promising district of the British Columbia upper country, in which the expected early large development of gold and copper mining should afford exceptionally good opportunities for profitable general farming.

A Satisfactory Method.

The plan adopted by the C. P. R. land department of taking wheat in payment for land is working most satisfactorily, and scores of old contracts will be settled by this means. The company take the wheat at the highest market price at point of delivery and ship it forward to Fort William for storage. Settlers who have purchased land from the company are apparently glad to see able to make their payments in wheat as they have such a quantity of it this year. The company pursue a very generous policy towards purchasers of land who get in arrears with their pay, especially when they are making efforts to improve their position, and as a consequence many had got behind; but the proposal to take wheat in lieu of money seemed to fit the emergency exactly, and many of these long outstanding accounts have already been wiped off the company's books this fall.

SHIP BUILDING CRISIS.

England Has Now a Serious Domestic Trouble to Settle.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the calamitous nature the ship building crisis has now assumed. Continental politics especially when they are boiling as at present, have such a fascination for the British press and the reading public that up to now small attention has been given to this really serious climax in matter. This week, however, it will be certain of its full share of notice, for with the lock-out ordered for the Clyde, the most important in its rivalry with that the British have known and be in full blast. In the number of men involved the deadlock will not compare, of course, with many others of recent times, but in value to the nation, of interests involved, and in the danger of irrevocable damage to the country it has no parallels. The great builders of the Clyde and Belfast say that they are forced to stand together, because if one began to cut the other in wages or other matters it would be impossible for either to maintain himself against foreign competition, hence an agreement of masters under which the Clyde firms now shut out their men because the Belfast men are on strike. It is suspected that three Clyde firms which got the admiralty contracts will withdraw from the association and keep their yards open, but even if they do this will effect the situation only slightly. Another aspect of the matter is the immense impetus that this northern trouble will give the Tyneside yards, where during the week orders for three big Japanese war ships have been placed; but, enterprising as Newcastle men are, they can accommodate only a fraction of the work which the Clyde and Belfast send begging, and already important orders have gone to the German yards at Stettin and Dantzig, and others are reported to be transferred to America. The experience of London shows that ship building is the most difficult of industries to go back once it is established, and that the possibility that the enormous business of the Clyde and Belfast, incomparable the best in the world is to be ruined and dispersed may well frighten the whole nation. As was obvious it would happen, the English Tories are beginning to write to the papers, pointing out bitterly that it was for the sake of these Belfast strikers that the Unionist party waged a ten years war against the home rule, which they now repay by doing the best that they can to destroy irretrievably the greatest and most vital of industries. Efforts at mediation are still proceeding in Belfast, but both sides display the characteristic mulishness, which gives small hope to the peacemakers.

SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

Col. Pabst Cannot Forget and Will Not Forgive that Horsewhipping.

About thirty days ago Margaret Mather Pabst, who for years was one of the best known actresses in America, was accused of horsewhipping her husband, Col. Gustave Pabst, son of the wealthy brewer, on one of the thoroughfares of Milwaukee. The other day A. A. Smith, Col. Pabst's attorney announced that his client decided to bring a suit of divorce. This romance which attracted wide attention is to have a sensational ending. Mrs. Pabst has retained counsel in the person of ex-m Horace C. King, for years a leading member of the New York bar.

The Fate of a Crew.

Inclosed in a bottle on the shore of Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, was found a note cast into the sea by the ill-fated crew of the British sealing schooner Walter Earl, which capsized last spring smothering ten persons. It would appear from the note which was found by Capt. Peterson of the steamer Alki, that two of the crew must have mounted the keel after the accident, the note reads as follows: "We have lost our vessel and do not expect to hang on much longer. (Signed) Henry Bray, Chas. Forest, schooner Walter Earl, of Victoria, April 17, 1895."

NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

TIME CARD

Taking effect on Sunday, December 16th, 1894.

[Timetable with stations: Winnipeg, Portage Junction, St. Norbert, Cartier, St. Agathe, Dufferin, Silver Plains, Morris, St. Jean, Letellier, Emerson, Pembina, Grand Forks, Winnipeg Junction, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago]

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

[Timetable with stations: Winnipeg, Portage Junction, St. Charles, Headingly, Assiniboia, White Plains, Gravel Pit siding, La Salle Tank, Oakville, Clarke, Portage la Prairie, Stonewall, Stony Mountain, Higgins, Anderson, Winnipegosis, Elliotte, Morden, Roseberry]

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

[Timetable with stations: Winnipeg, Portage Junction, St. Charles, Headingly, White Plains, Gravel Pit siding, La Salle Tank, Oakville, Clarke, Portage la Prairie]

Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. Trains marked † run daily except Saturday. Trains marked ‡ run daily except Monday. Connections will also be made through Pullman Vestibuled Dressing Room Sleeping Cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Also Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars connection at Chicago with trains from Connecticut, at Winnipeg Junction with trains to and from the Pacific Coast.

For rates and full information concerning connections with other lines, etc., apply to any agent of the company, or

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul. H. SWINFORD, Gen. Agt., Winnipeg.

CITY OFFICE, 391 Main Street, Winnipeg.

MANITOBA & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY CO.

MARCH 5th, 1895.

[Timetable with stations: Winnipeg, Portage Junction, Meadows, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Rapid City]

EASTWARD.

Leave Minnedosa and intermediate stations on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Mixed trains across as Minnedosa as below:

[Timetable with stations: Rapid City, Minnedosa, Neepawa, Portage Junction, Winnipeg]

WESTWARD.

Leave Winnipeg at 8.15 a.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Portage la Prairie, Minnedosa and intermediate stations. Mixed trains leave Minnedosa on arrival of eastbound trains as below:

[Timetable with stations: Minnedosa, Newdale, Shoal Lake, Birtle, Binscarth, Russell, Yorkton]

Trains stop at stations between Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg only when signalled or when there are passengers to alight.

W. R. BAKER, General Manager. A. McDONALD, Asst. Gen. Pas. Agt.

THE WEAK LINK IN A LIFE

IS OFTEN A NEGLECTED COLD WHICH DEVELOPS Finally into Consumption.

BREAK UP A COLD IN TIME BY USING Pyny-Pectoral THE QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, ETC. Large Bottle, 25 Cts,

Qu'Appelle Observatory.

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895.

	Maximum.	Minimum
Wednesday, Nov. 6	21	16
Thursday, Nov. 7	22	15
Friday, Nov. 8	20	2
Saturday, Nov. 9	36	8
Sunday, Nov. 10	42	26
Monday, Nov. 11	36	22
Tuesday, Nov. 12	30	26

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

	6 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Wednesday	NW 20	NW 24	W 6
Thursday	calm	NE 1	W 3
Friday	SE 6	S 4	S 14
Saturday	S 16	SW 3	S 12
Sunday	SW 18	W 4	NW 3
Monday	E 4	E 2	NW 14
Tuesday	S 4	S 2	SE 6

Get the Baby's Picture Taken.

W. C. Loak, photo-artist, of Markdale, Ont., has opened a studio in Hollingshead's building, Caswell street, where he will remain for three or four weeks. First-class work guaranteed at reasonable rates. 3tf

Local and General

—Mr. Roberts has taken up residence with Mr. F. W. Molineux for the winter.

—Rev. Father Magnan left Tuesday to attend a council of the clergy at St. Boniface.

—Mr. F. W. Molineux is in charge of the engine in connection with the Edgeley threshing outfit.

—Rev. Hunter Boyd, Fort Qu'Appelle, was in town on Monday en route to Winnipeg to attend the synod.

—A very enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Miss McFarlane, on Friday last, at which a large number of guests were present.

—Rev. Father Hugonnard, of the Industrial school, Fort Qu'Appelle, left last week for Turtle Mountain to bring back a truant.

—Rev. Geo. Arthur, B.Sc., Presbyterian missionary in charge of the Industriel school at Lake's End, was in town on Monday, on his way to the meeting of the synod at Winnipeg.

—The house built for the Bishop at Indian Head not being finished, Mrs. Burn will spend the winter in England, leaving here early in December.

—Up to the latest advices, the Indian who shot Sergt. Colbrook, has not been captured. Parties of police are in pursuit from Prince Albert and Saltcoats.

—Mr. Trewartha, whilst adjusting a belt on a thresher one day last week, had the misfortune to have one of his hands badly bruised and now carries the same in a sling.

A certain rich merchant named Holley
Thought all advertising a folly;
So he took out his ads,
Declaring them fads,
And speedily grew melancholy.

—Under Dr. Carthew's professional care Mr. Blakeney, after a long spell of indisposition, is gradually getting better, and we hope ere long to see him around again.

—The Siddons Bros., of Brant, finished the threshing of their crop two weeks ago and the yield tops the record for the district, for one farm, nearly 12,600 bushels being threshed from 250 acres.

—Mr. F. F. Goodwin, of Edgeley, while returning home Saturday had the misfortune to lose his coal oil can on the road, consequently the family had to depend on the moon to light them to bed Saturday and Sunday nights.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Gisborne were guests at the Leland, Winnipeg, for a few days while en route for Toronto, the Falls, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec during their honeymoon. They left for the east last Monday week.

—The Presbyterian synod of Manitoba and the Northwest convened last evening in St. Andrew's church. A special opening sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Carmichael, of Regina.

—That very rare metals and other minerals are, in addition to almost every known one, now being found in the Province of British Columbia, we glean from last Saturday's issue of the Free Press. Thus pellurium has been discovered on two claims at Long Lake, in the Okanagan country, and at Deadman's Creek, Cariboo, Messrs. McEvoy and Eton of the Dominion Geological survey, have found iolite, a mineral so rare as to be shown only in museums, being a most exceptional compound of silica and other elements, described technically as a vitreous blue pleochroic transparent substance. The specimens are to be sent to the Canadian geological museum. Iolite is also known as water sapphire and is beautifully crystallized.

—Mr. W. Walker of the C.P.R., on Monday last, whilst climbing up the roof of the depot to clean the chimneys, had the misfortune to slip and fall to the platform, severely injuring his left wrist and shaking himself up generally.

—Last Thursday's shipment of wheat to points east of Winnipeg via the C. P. R., show a good increase over previous days, 361 cars having been sent out. This means 216,000 bushels. The record is held by one day in October, when 413 cars left the C. P. R. yards.

—The Minnedosa Tribune figures up the building improvements for the year in that town at $22,215. In addition the M. & N.W. railway company is making improvements to its buildings and grounds to the value of at least $10,000. What's the matter with Qu'Appelle?

—Mrs. J. F. Lindsay was a passenger on Tuesday's train for Moosomin to visit friends for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have decided to make Winnipeg their home for the future. Qu'Appelle can ill afford to lose so amiable a couple. They carry with them the best wishes of friends here.

—Success comes to him who waits; if so, Mr. Osment, merchant, Indian Head, will certainly reap his reward. It will repay any person to visit his store and inspect his frost-proof pump, that can be worked with one finger, also, his improved automatic lamp. Curlers especially should examine this light.

—Mr. John Caldwell, who is slowly recovering from a long illness, claims to be, according to the Moose Jaw Times, a thirty-second degree mason. He further states that he crossed the continent in '49 with Gen. Freemont, and later served through the war and was with Gen. Sherman in his march to the sea.

—We gather from the Free Press that Const. Dickson, the man who let the Indian, who shot Sergt. Colebrook, escape, was tried and sentenced to two months for the offence. He was brought to Prince Albert and is confined in the guard room. As a further punishment and an appeal to his conscience, he was marched to the cemetery under escort and made to dig the grave of the murdered man.

—Mr. Harvey, of the college, met with a serious accident on Tuesday last. It appears that while at work with the woodcutting machine, he managed to get a foot severely injured. The cut inflicted extended from the heel right across the foot and up the ankle, necessitating the putting in of thirteen stitches, which operation was performed by Dr. Catthew. The injured one is getting on as well as can be expected.

—Mrs. O'Donohue, wife of Jas. O'Donohue, of Stony Mountain, died at the Grand Pacific hotel in this city on Monday at the age of 55 years. The deceased came to Manitoba with her husband three years ago from Waterloo, Ont. Her husband and seven grown up children, two sons and five daughters, survive her. One daughter and two sons live at Grand Rapids, Mich. R. P. and James O'Donohue, of this city are nephews of the deceased.—Free Press.

—The Band of Hope children gathered at McLane's hall on Monday afternoon last under the able guidance of Mr. J. R. Brown. The children were addressed by Mr. Geo. Arthur, from one of the Indian reserves, and Mr. Hunter Boyd, of Fort Qu'Appelle. If the merry voices and applause of the children indicated the pleasure they were having, they must have been happy indeed. The very pleasant way in which the addresses were delivered held the attention of the little ones for an hour and a half. The words uttered by the two Presbyterian ministers were such that every child present could understand their meaning, and understanding, seemed to thoroughly appreciate what they heard. Mr. Brown being of so cheerful and kindly a nature, he is the right man in the right place, fully fitted to mould the lives of the young people he has in such a praiseworthy manner gathered about him. The time spent at these meetings is, without a doubt, well spent, in the truest sense of the word, and will doubtless have lasting salutary effect on the after lives of the boys and girls of the Band of Hope. Santa Claus will send an advance agent with a treat for the good children of the Band of Hope at their next meeting.

—A few days ago Jas. Adderson, a lad engaged at Mr. Sam Bailey's, met with a serious accident. It appears he and another person were "fooling" on a stack and the lad fell or slid off on to a fork. In what position the fork was at the time we are unable to ascertain, though it would reasonably seem from the sad result that it stood tines upwards; anyway, one tine of the fork entered the left groin of the lad and it took considerable force to draw it out.

—It is with much regret that we have to announce the death, after a few days illness, of Mr. Richard Bowen. The patient was very low from the time he was first stricken with inflammation of the lungs, which proved fatal at half past two in the afternoon on Friday last; he was unconscious for some hours before his death, and passed away calmly and quietly without a struggle. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was attended by a large concourse of people, and numerous brothers of the Masonic lodge, of which Mr. Bowen had been a member, being in evidence in full masonic regalia. The funeral service was impressively conducted by the Rev. J. P. Sargent.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Prizes for Our School Children.

We purpose giving prizes, from time to time, to such of the school children whose parents or guardians subscribe to The Progress. Our first prize will be awarded to the successful competitors whose parents or guardians have paid up their subscription for the paper up to the end of the present year. The problem to solve is given below. All the competitors have to do is to fill in the correct letters where the dots appear and so make the sentence complete.

We stipulate that the work shall be done absolutely by the competitors themselves, without any outside assistance whatsoever, and should this not be strictly adhered to, no prize will be given in such case. The first four correct answers that reach The Progress office on or before the morning of Nov. 17th, will receive twenty-five cents each, and the names of the winners will be published in the current issue of The Progress. All competitors must fill in their names and address on the coupon below, which they must cut out and send with their answers. The words, "Prize Competition," must be clearly written at the top left hand corner of the envelope enclosing their answer and coupon.

PROGRESS PRIZE COMPETITION.
October 31st, 1895.

I.....do hereby certify that the accompanying solution of problem No. 1 is my own absolutely, no outside assistance having been given in any way whatsoever.

PROBLEM No. 1.

I..i..d.....t t..p..e a p..r w..h a p..r o..s.....s.

Fire at Minnedosa.

MINNEDOSA, Man., Nov. 10.—Thompson & Smith's large livery, feed and sale stable was totally destroyed by fire last night. Insurance, $600. All the horses were removed from the building and turned loose, but unfortunately five or six of them went in again unnoticed and were burned. Two were valuable horses, one being the runner Tempest. The Grand Central hotel and other buildings adjoining were saved by well directed efforts and favorable wind. The cause of the fire is unknown.

New Patents.

The following list of United States patents, granted to Canadian inventors, Oct. 22, 29, and Nov. 5th, 1895; is reported for this paper, by James Sangster, patent attorney, Buffalo.

Hammond J. Evans, Hampton, Ont., vine cutter.

Charles L. Higgins, Montreal, rubber soled footwear.

James A. Mahood, Victoria, B.C., railway car axle.

James W. Duncan, Montreal, driving gear for bicycles.

Robert A. Townsend, Kurrachi, India, and W. Yates, London, Ont., barrel.

James J. McCallum, Belleville, assignor of five-eighths to L. J. Ball, Toronto, and J. Ball, Waterloo, mustache adjuster.

Walter Ames, Toronto, variable drive for machine tools.

John Keith, Ottawa, Ont., postage stamp attacher and recorder.

Lorenzo A. Murphy, and A. H. Milne, Wellington, Ont., window.

Hotels.

Queens: D. A. McDougal, A. McDougal, G. E. Dickson, Regina; J. Gibson, S. H. McDonald, Moose Jaw; R. P. Inglis, Montreal; T. P. McLeod, Guelph; T.C. Wilson, Edgeley; J. A. Connelly, Saigonic; J. Balfour, W. J. McCandler, Indian Head; W. Booth, Griswold; C. DeLong, Fort Qu'Appelle; W. Johnston, Hartney.

Leland: Inspector Brown, Regina; J. F. Beatty, Jas. Scott, R. Johnston, G. Riley, G. R. Lesson, W. A. Templeton, W. S. Burns, A. P. Jeffrey, A. Carruthers, Winnipeg; D. H. McDonald, J. Dillon, A. E. Iredale, F. S. Proctor, Fort Qu'Appelle; G. Mallatt, Moose Jaw; G. H. McFarlane, Toronto; J. Tucker, Moosomin; R. Tate, Springbrook; J. Shelford, H. H. Campkin, J. Conn, A. E. Wilson, Indian Head; A. Ross, Toronto.

News Notes.

All Chicago morning papers are sold at one cent each.

Newfoundland is again looking to union with Canada.

British emigration to Canada since January 1st of the present year, was 21,215.

The C.P.R. are arranging for the prompt transport of Manitoba export wheat shipments.

Importations of cattle and hides from Canada to the United States are no longer prohibited.

It is now said that Chapleau will join the Ottawa government only on condition that he becomes premier.

DEATHS

BOWEN—At Qu'Appelle Station, on the 9th inst., of pneumonia, Richard Bowen, aged 59 years.

THE FAMOUS Dominion Pants Co.

SUITS FROM $13 TO ORDER.

AGENT: R. E. SMITH Qu'Appelle Station

1000 Samples to select from.

HEAD OFFICE: 364, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

OH, SAY!

Did you see those pretty

Baby Carriages

Where there is such a fine display of FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.?

No! Where is that?

At Bulyea's Store,

OF COURSE.

Qu'Appelle Valley FLOUR MILLS,

FORT QU'APPELLE.

Hungarian Patent / Strong Bakers / Graham } FLOUR

BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP, CRACKED WHEAT.

Chopper for Grinding Feed Stuffs.

Full supply always on hand at BULYEA'S STORE.

Support Local Industry.

JOYNER & ELKINGTON, PROPRIETORS.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

The North-West Lands of the Estate of the late W. R. THISTLE, comprising

4,000 ACRES

Of Valuable Improved

FARM PROPERTY

ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SALE ON

Most Reasonable Terms.

For full particulars apply to

A. D. DICKSON, BARRISTER, QU'APPELLE

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 29th November next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years fourteen times per week each way, between QU'APPELLE STATION POST OFFICE and RAILWAY STATION, from the 1st of January next.

The conveyance to be made on foot or in a suitable vehicle. The mails to be delivered at the Railway Station within five minutes after leaving the Post Office, and at the Post Office within five minutes after the arrival of each mail train.

Printed notices containing further information as to the conditions of the proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tender obtained at the Post Office of Qu'Appelle Station and at this office.

W. W. McLEOD, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Winnipeg, 18th Oct., 1895. 3-5

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS DONE AT THE PROGRESS OFFICE.

No other brand has ever attained such an enormous sale in so short a time.

This Space Reserved

—FOR—

J. A. LIDGATE,

LUMBER DEALER.

Yard near Bulyea's store.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,

QU'APPELLE STATION, N. W. T.

In this hotel the travelling public will find all the conveniences that are necessary to make their's a life worth living.

Luxuriantly Furnished Bed Rooms, Cuisine Unsurpassed, Large and Well Lighted Sample Rooms.

RATES, . . . $1.50 PER DAY

Headquarters for Two Daily Stage Lines to Fort Qu'Appelle.

LELAND HOUSE,

Qu'Appelle Station, . . Assa.

Headquarters for Stage Lines to Fort Qu'Appelle.

Commercial Travellers' Favorite House.

Bar supplied with best brands of Liquors and Cigars,

TERMS MODERATE. PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.

LOVE & RAYMOND, Proprietors.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

INDIAN HEAD, N.W.T.

Repaired and furnished anew. Now first class in every respect.

Excellent Sample Rooms for Travellers.

Bar furnished with finest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.

A. DAVIDSON, ... Proprietor

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

. . . THE . . .

POPULAR ROUTE

—TO—

ALL POINTS

—IN THE—

EAST,

WEST,

And SOUTH.

Trains Heated by Steam

AND EQUIPPED WITH

ELEGANT DINING AND SLEEPING .. .. CARS .. ..

CONNECTIONS AT VANCOUVER

WITH STEAMER LINES FOR

CHINA, JAPAN,

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